Valentine's Day and Red Enamel Hearts by Browneyesparker

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Summary:

She smiles at him so prettily, Mike is pretty sure his heart stops for a second. There's a pause and then he leans in and gives her a kiss. It's short and sweet, like all the rest but it feels like a good beginning for the first of many Valentine's Days they are going to spend together.

Valentine's Day and Red Enamel Hearts

Author's Note:

I plagiarized myself. I'm not even sorry.

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"my darling, believe me for me there is no one but you."

Mike pushes his scarf away from his face and knocks on the cabin door. El opens it and smiles at him, she's wearing a pink headband, overalls, and one of his flannel button-downs, and there's a streak of glitter glue across her cheek.

"It's for Valentine's Day," she explains self-consciously when she notices he's staring at her.

"I know," Mike answers, there's a red enamel heart charm for her bracelet in his coat pocket that he can almost hear beating.

"Come on in, it's freezing!" El says, repeating a phrase Hopper often says to Mike when he makes a trek through the snow to visit them.

He follows her inside and kicks his boots off. The table looks like the craft section at the 5 & 10 threw up on it and the music on the record player is turned all the way up.

"It looks like you're busy," Mike observes.

"I've been working on your card for *days*," El replies, blushing slightly as curls and uncurls her stocking feet. "I'm not very good at it."

"I'm probably worse than you," Mike tells her. "We had a party in school today and my mom had to buy a box of Valentine's at the pharmacy. Besides, everything takes practice. You'll be good at it eventually."

"Are you sure?"

Mike nods. “When we first met for instance, you couldn’t even talk in full sentences and now you can carry on full conversations. All it took was a little practice! Besides. . . I’m going to like anything you make.”

El’s eyebrows shoot up. “You are?” she asks thinly.

“Yeah because *you* made it for me,” Mike answers, he feels his face turn red when he realizes that he may have said a little too much.

“I am going to like whatever you give me too!” El tells him. “Because it’s from you.”

Mike didn’t know it was possible to blush *more*. “Do you want help cleaning up?” he asks, taking his coat off.

El nods. “But first, close your eyes! I’m going to hide your card!”

“Okay,” Mike agrees, putting his hands over his face, a few seconds later, she tells him that he can look.

She’s putting on a new record and moves her hips robotically as she sings along with Aretha Franklin. *“The moment I wake up, before I put on my makeup, I say a little prayer for you. . .”* she looks at him and starts to move towards him, puts her arms around his waist and spins him around.

They still don’t know how to dance but they always attempt to do their best when they try.

“I run for the bus dear, while riding I think of us dear,” Mike sings.

El laughs when he tries to dip her and stumbles a little. “We’re supposed to be cleaning up,” she reminds him.

“*You* started it!” He retorts, smirking at her.

She stands on her tip-toes and kisses his nose. It is one of the boldest moves she’s ever made and that’s saying something considering she could be a weapon of mass destruction if the wrong people got their

hands on her.

He's disconcerted but before he can react, she's let him go and has gotten the broom out. She's back to dancing and singing as she sweeps up snips of red construction paper and trails of glitter.

"Forever and ever you will stay in my heart and I will love you! Forever and ever we never will part."

Mike recovers and stumbles over to the table, he puts the crayons back in their box, stacks paper. Sings along some more. *"To live without you would only mean heartbreak for me."*

He gets the distinct feeling that if any of the party saw him singing along with Aretha Franklin and cleaning the kitchen, there would be cracks about how whipped he really is. Especially from Lucas but he doesn't care. He would listen to *Barry Manilow* if it meant getting to spend Valentine's Day afternoon with El.

(He's hopeful it'll take less than that to get her to agree to be his Valentine.)

She smiles at him, that adoring smile he is so accustomed to seeing now. The one he always wants to be responsible for making her wear forever if he can help it.

He cannot wait a moment longer, so he goes over to his coat and retrieves the little velvet box. Opens it and gets down on one knee when she turns around again. . . he does have a flair for the dramatic, after all.

"El Hopper, will you do me the great honor of being my Valentine?"

There is a long pause and for a second, Mike worries that she'll say no. worries that he didn't ask her the right way. Then she nods and kneels down in front of him.

"Mike, yes!" She says.

Mike breathes a sigh of relief. "Oh good."

"Michael Wheeler," she says like she's remembering something. "I'll

love you until the day I die."

Mike blushes and clears his throat, he recognizes the line from *somewhere* but he's sure she means it sincerely. He's sure she's not waiting for him to say it back but. . . but. . . "I love you too," he blurts out.

She smiles at him so prettily, Mike is pretty sure his heart stops for a second. There's a pause and then he leans in and gives her a kiss. It's short and sweet, like all the rest but it feels like a good beginning for the first of many Valentine's Days they are going to spend together.

The End

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Author's Note:

I am holiday trash and so this was born. I hope you enjoyed this little Valentine's Day candy! I'll be back with more soon. Leave a review and have a very Happy Valentine's Day!

Until Next Time!